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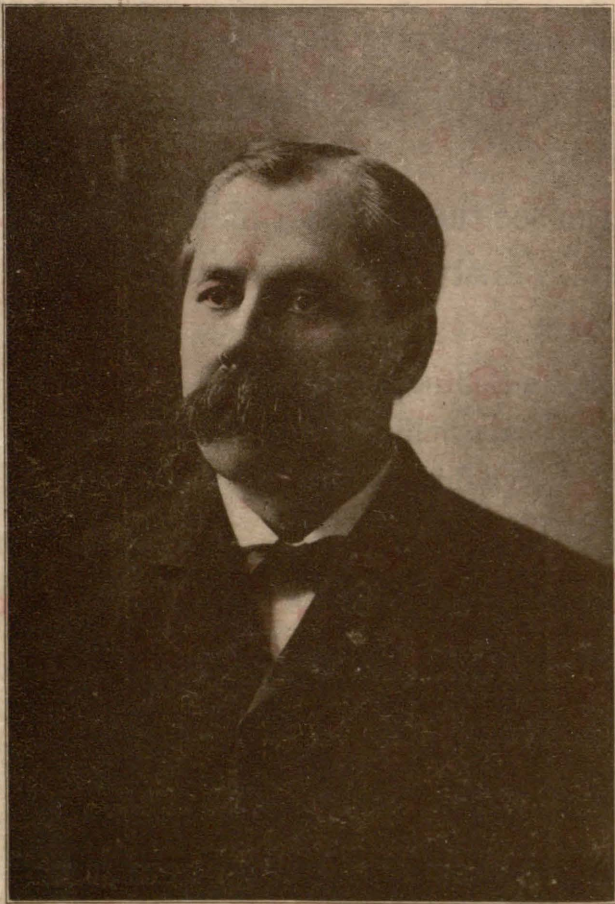
The Valparaiso University Herald

Bi-Weekly, 10 Cents Per Copy.

Volume 5.

Valparaiso, Indiana, September 30, 1910.

Number 1



"The Brown" and "The Gold"



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

College Men and young men generally, are the critical buyers of clothes. That's one reason why

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

clothes are so popular with such wearers. The name of Hart Schaffner & Marx is recognized as the mark of highest quality and latest styles by young men everywhere. They use none but all-wool fabrics and latest weaves.

¶ Better see the new suit models; shape maker; Varsity and the new ideas in overcoats.

Suits Selling From \$18 to \$35.

Overcoats Selling From \$18 to \$35.

Other Reliable Makes From \$10 Up.

Wilson Bros'. Shirts \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Men's shirts, new patterns, good grade, 69c.

Fall styles in Derby Hats, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.

Fall styles in Soft Hats, \$1.50 to \$3.

Caps, Neckwear, Hosiery, Underwear and Sweaters.

Our shoes like our clothes are selected for their quality. There is no better test of quality than walking on it. Best shoes you ever set a foot in for such prices as \$3, \$3.50 and \$4.

Beacon shoes, in new Fall shapes, \$3 and \$3.50
Florsheim stylish shoes for young men, \$4 and \$5

LOWENSTINES'

DISILLUSIONMENT

[A Chapel address given by Prof. B. F. Williams, printed in a former number of the Herald and reprinted in this number.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have written for you a little paper, and have used the arbitrary power which all parents have of naming it to suit myself, without consulting its wishes in the matter in the least. I have a brother named Moses, and for some reason or other, in spite of the fact that he lives in Oklahoma, and that the original Moses (although his brother Aaron seems at time to have favored the gold standard) not only bore an excellent reputation in his own lifetime, but that thus far Willie Hearst has not produced a single letter to prove that said Moses had any relation whatever with John D. Archibald or the Standard Oil Company,—yet this brother of mine has always felt that he was handicapped by his name. And it is not impossible that this paper as it goes echoing down the corridors of time may feel a similar resentment, for I have christened it with a long, hard name—Disillusionment.

It is a beautiful morning in May. Yesterday there were soft, warm, freshening showers, and to-day the air is an intoxication, the sky light sapphire with here and there a cloud white as angel's raiment floating idly by, bound for the land of dreams. Yonder is a boy with a face fresh as the morning. He is glad with the gladness of the springtime. Now he listens to the mad joy of a thrush singing his wild, free marriage-song, or to the fitful, half-plaintive notes of the meadow-lark. Leaf-buds are swelling all around him, and already a myriad blossoms lend the sensuous beauty of color and fragrance.

The boy carries a book. For some days he has been reading it, but now the thousand voices with which Earth worships God are too powerful, and he reads no longer. Yet the memory of its words are with him and are vaguely interfused with all this new, warm beauty. The book is the life of a hero; the story of a man who passed from victory to victory, who conquered difficulties with surprising ease, who looked back finally on his life, as God did on the new-created world, and said, "It is good."

Anon the boy listens no longer. plucks no more the blowing flowers. He sits down on a stone, and the book drops upon the sweet-smelling grass.

He is looking off, far into the endless blue of the sky,—shaping out of all this beauty and youth and gladness a dream-picture of the future, his future,—a life of conquest, of honor, of glad helpfulness; and over the whole picture are the faint auroral flushes of a love-dream. "Ah, life, it is sweet, it is strange!"

Now it is November. The evening of a cold, gray day draws quickly on. The few remaining leaves withered and sere, shiver like ill-clad children. A slow, sad rain begins to fall. Every drop is a sob of pain—and the chill, dark night is near. An old man comes slowly from the fields. His face is seamed and careworn, his body bent with toil and years. There is no gladness in his step as he trudges homeward. At supper a little subdued talk of common-place things, and then as the equally careworn wife clears away the unromantic dishes for the ten-thousandth time, the old man sits by the kitchen-fire and smokes his pipe.

The children are all gone. Some are in distant states and send an occasional word back home. One son is in congress, but his reputation is a slate-gray; another has never seemed to get on; and one—the brightest, handsomest of all, his mother's pet, left years ago under a cloud and has never been heard of since. So the father sits by the kitchen-fire, and through the blue smoke there unfolds in his memory a panorama of the years—back, back to that glad, sweet May morning. Has it been worth while? He can not answer, and so he sits in silence by the cheerful, melancholy fire,—and outside is still the sad, sobbing, pitiless rain.

I can not remember my own first serious disillusionment. I hardly think it was the Santa Claus business, for somehow his sleigh generally broke down, or one of his reindeer went lame, before he got to our house,—so there was little regret I fancy, when that hoax exploded. A more real one, I'm sure, was in the discovery some years later, that older persons could not or would not tell me what I wanted to know. More especially I expected enlightenment from teachers and preachers. Their profession was truth-telling,—and it was a sore disappointment that they were unable to make hard things plain. What could I conclude but that they knew little if any more about real, vital things than I knew myself?

My teachers were rooted and grounded in Ray's Practical Arithmetic, Monteith's Geography and Clark's Grammar, but that was about all apparently that life meant to them. My preachers knew that Moses wrote the first five books of the Old Testament—which truth I found later to be an error—and many other such things, and talked fluently enough of angels and doctrines and schemes of salvation, but the real *why* or *what* of any serious question made them helpless as a child. They are not to be blamed, of course. They were doing the best they knew, and teaching faithfully what they had been taught. Nevertheless that was a real disillusion. Why should there be a world of such a nature—a world of uncertainty and illusions and troubled confusion—with no one to tell you the truth? Alas, why?

The limitations of local truth-tellers when once discovered did not dispel the delusion that somewhere were great men—preachers, poets, philosophers—that did know. Some of these have been more satisfying, it is true, not without help and comfort and the stimulus of suggestion. Yet gradually it has become apparent that none, not even the wisest, can answer the child's simple question. A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands," says Walt Whitman; and thus he continues:

"How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he."

"I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven."

"Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,

A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,

Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners * * * ."

I guess; guess is a good word, and it is an evidence of Whitman's greatness that he didn't pretend to know. Each one, great and small, it would seem, has his particular view-point, aesthetic, reformatory; pessimistic, optimistic,—which determines his conclusions. But these conclusions do not wholly satisfy one who does not want to see life from one only angle.

Humanity itself in its ordinary, every-day manifestations has been another disillusionment. How generously one thinks of persons when he is

young, and how he goes out to them in trust and love. Everyone is a possible hero, and it seems so natural to be honest and open-hearted and courageous and to expect the same in others. What a shock, then, to find even plain honesty so rare; generous goodwill withered by selfishness or burnt up by envious hate; to find in oneself, too, the same imperfections he deplores in others. In politics and business—dearie me!—whose word can you take at par? Do we not almost automatically make allowances for self-interest and party bias? Two great men, thought by many to be the greatest of this time, Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan, have recently been exchanging some rapid-fire love-letters. Like Brutus they are both honorable men. I have no doubt, but if I should take as true what each says of and to the other, I should not be able to put them in Brutus's class. Hardly! "Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true." 'Tis also a bit amusing!

Science, too, has brought its disillusionment. The dear old family doctor! What trust we once put in him and the slightly colored water which we called medicine. Ours happened to be a homeopath. And so when he carefully dropped three drops of something or other in a glass of water and left instructions to take a teaspoonful every four hours until he came again, our faith in his knowledge and wisdom was absolute. And we got well, too, just as he said we would; and verily I still believe there's virtue in homeopathy! Yet how little did the old doctor know; and how little does the greatest one now know if we may believe the frank words of some who are not afraid to tell the truth.

Another disillusionment from science has been the recognized truth of the indifference and cruelty of nature. Murder is the law of animal life, and not an isolated exception as it seems to the child. Every lowest insect, every bug, worm, beetle, bird, animal, has one or a thousand mortal enemies, big and little, lying in wait for it,—alert, keen, merciless. What does the cold-eyed hen care for the hopes of a grass hopper? It is only his hops that stimulate her activity. What cares the slant-eyed cat for the suffering, the anguish of the robin that gives her a dinner? Or what did the robin care an hour before about the angle-worm she unceremoniously gobbled down? What does a tornado or an earthquake or a tidal wave care for the puny work of men's hands? No one, of course, can doubt the bene-

ficence of science but such harsh truths as it sometimes teaches are the centipedes in the bunch of bananas.

Well, if this matter of disillusionment were only a personal thing, if it were peculiar to me only, it would be of little significance; but I believe it to be, in one way and another, a common if not universal experience. The realities belie the rosy dreams of youth. Walter Savage Landor tells of a young girl who went for the first time to see the ocean. She had seen little of the world, but had heard much and imagined more about the grandeur of the loud-sounding sea. When she does come, however, to the gray and melancholy waste, her only words as she looks at it silently, disappointedly, are: "Is this all?"

How many great writers, too, have a similar experience. In the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," Wordsworth says:

"But yet I know, where'er I go
That there hath past away a glory
from the earth."

And in another poem:

"We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;

But thereof come in the end despondency and madness."

Ruskin wrote sadly in his essay, "The Mystery of Life and Its Arts," of his early delusions. Carlyle became saddened and heartsore in his old age. Tolstoi's later writings are full of pessimism. Tennyson, in his early manhood, wrote the "Locksley Hall," a poem full of radiant hope for a perfected humanity. When old he wrote the "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," which came as a shock to his admirers. It is a fine, hopeful picture we get in the first, although the optimism even here is chastened. Yet there is a "Vision of the world, and all the wonder that (will) be;" there is a strong confidence in a stream of tendency that makes for righteousness. The present is valued for the promise it holds; and through it all is the will-o'-the-wisp lure of the distant.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one
increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widen'd
with the process of the suns."

The later poem stuns with its pessimism. Here are a few representative expressions:

"Nay, your pardon, cry your 'forward,'
yours are hope and youth, but I—
Eighty winters leave the dog too
lame to follow with the cry."

"Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos!

once again the sickening game;
Freedom, free to slay herself, and
dying while they shout her name."

"Rip you brothers' vices open, strip
your own foul passions bare;

Down with Reticence, down with
Reverence—forward—naked—
let them stare."

"Evolution ever climbing after some
ideal good,

And Reversion ever dragging Evo-
lution in the mud."

Such are the grim gray thoughts of
the old gray man!

Once I heard Talmage begin an address with these words, "I am an optimist!"—and there followed an oration plethoric in florid words and barren enough of ideas. I have read, too, the bitter pessimism of Schopenhauer, and have realized the partial truth of it. I have little sympathy with the tritely popular phrase, "Always look on the bright side." That would be suicidal in business, art, ethics, anything. The man who knows must try to "see life steadily and see it whole." I do not want to dodge, or wince, or play the ostrich. If life is beautiful, I want to know it; if it is ugly, nauseating, I want to take my medicine; if it is an inextricable tangle of good and evil, beauty and ugliness, progress and retrogression, I want to know that, too.

What, then, shall we say of the whole matter? Is the beautiful soap-bubble of hope and love and youthful promise to end only in a drop of pungent, ill-tasting suds? Or is all this disillusionment itself a sort of illusion? If this paper has seemed unduly pessimistic in tone let me make out now a sort of case for optimism.

The romantic conception of life breaks down from lack of substantiality and from extravagant expectations. Yet it is not in vain. The blossoms drop, but some of the fruit matures: the cold November rain, dripping, dripping like hopeless sighs, stores up moisture in the soil. The old man by the kitchen fire has at least his pipe and his memories.

Maybe the greatest error or romanticism is in finding good and beauty only in what is remote in place or time; in the vast, the miraculous. Back, back in the Golden Age, once dreamed the ancient poets, all had been beautiful,—no winter, no sickness, no death. Forward, far forward, after aeons of slow-yielding imperfection, dreamed the later poets like the

young Tennyson, would be perfection, —no war, no racking diseases no ugliness, no hate.

"I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all.

And every winter change to spring."
At last—far off—but what consolation
is that to us?

Are we not coming, however to see
what seems to be the truth, that the
remote is no more wonderful than the
near, that a mountain is no more
marvelous than an atom; that there
is no Golden Age but the Present; and
that real heroism is no more in the
storming of a redoubt than in

"that best portion of a good man's
life,
His little, nameless, unremembered
acts
Of kindness and of love."

And may it not be better to have per-
fection as an unattainable ideal rather
than a present reality? Would it
be pleasant to live with perfect per-
sons? I have known a few who were
nearly perfect—they admitted it them-
selves—and I once knew a holiness
lady, and ever since I have been bet-
ter satisfied with things and persons
as they are!

The optimism of Emerson, which
unlike that of Tennyson, did not waver
in old age, could find beauty even in
ugliness. Emerson believed in the
Now and the Here, and thus maybe he
escaped the despair of the romantic
dreamer.

"Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still;
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's
foul

Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone
Nor in the bow and smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

Possibly the strongest argument for
the optimist is that hope does not die
out. Every child is naturally buoyant;
he sees failure and sorrow all around,
but they can not chill or dampen his
enthusiasm, his love of life, his con-
fidence that failure and misery are
not for him. Every generation, too,
is glad to try its mettle. The wreck-
strewn centuries, the history of mis-

guided effort, frenzied fanaticism, dis-
eased decadence, are of no avail to
discourage it. Whence comes this
perennial flower of hope that no weeds
can choke, no frost can kill?

Optimism, pessimism; hope, de-
spondency; beauty, ugliness; growth,
decay; youth, age; dreams, disillusion-
ment, ——— life, after all our science
and art and philosophy is a sphinx-
riddle to every individual and every
generation. Maybe sometime we shall
see no longer through a glass darkly
—but I know nothing about that.

(The Junior Office Boy's Views on Young Ladies Who Haze.)

new york, friday—o gerls, gerls ime
supprised at you
aint it bad enuff for collidge yooths
to tie each uther on the ralerode
track, just as a merry prank, without
you must go and raise their anty?

my golly what i bin readin about
that poor gerl down in connecticut
farely makes my blud run cold, if she
had been capchered by indiens a 100
years ago, she would of got off more
easier

just think of a nice yung gerl havin
to walk down stares on her hands
with her feet stickin up in the air,
what sort of a memmery will that be
when she is married & settled down
& the mother of beautifull children?

& how can she get married at all
with a past like that, maby her yung
man would skorn her at the alter if
he found out about it

then they fed her mackerony boiled
in soap, & told her it was angel
worms

O think of it in a sivelized country
in the 20th sentury, a yung lady thinks
she is eating angel worms so as to get
the alfa alfa frat, what are we coming
to?

next 2 raw oysters is pushed into
her fair yung face, and the uther alfa
alfas tell her they are polliwoggs

my goodniss, aint it just as bad to
think you have swallowed a polliwogg
as if you really had? aint the suffering
as horribel?

then they stabbed her in the neck
with a peace of ice and made her
think it was a hot poker by burning
some meat under her nose so she could
smell it and think it was her own
hide cookin

grate seaser what chanct would a
man have that married one of them
yung saavidages?

why, she would shut him up in a
folding bed if he didnt cum across
with the hole pay envelop every
weak, and if he died, the goak would
be on him

gen sherman said war is hell, so is
going to collidge nowadays, aint it?

johnny

Go Slow With the Butter.

A young lady who taught a class of
small boys in the Sunday school de-
sired to impress on them the mean-
ing of returning thanks before a meal.
Turning to one of the class whose
father was a deacon in the church,
she asked him:

"William, what is the first thing
your father does when he sits down
to the table?"

"He says, 'Go slow with the butter,
kids; it's forty cents a pound.'"

Both Boys Doing Well.

A prominent New Hampshire farm-
er of the old type has two grown sons.
One is a preacher of the gospel, while
the other is a liquor dealer.

A New Yorker, in company with sev-
eral other friends was talking at the
old man's home about his family. At
last one of the company present asked
the old man what his sons did for a
living.

The old man replied: "One is serv-
ing the Lord and the other the devil,
and both are doing well."

One Revolving Doormat.

An old deacon residing in a local
option village, tells this story:

A bailiff went out to levy on the
contents of a house. The inventory
began in the attic and ended in the
cellar. When the dining room was
reached, the tally of furniture ran
thus:

One dining-room table, oak.
One set chairs, (6), oak.
One sideboard, oak.
Two bottles whisky, full.

Then the word full was stricken out
and replaced by "empty," and the in-
ventory went on in a hand that strag-
gled and lurchd diagonally across the
page until it closed with:

One revolving doormat.

She Wanted a Jackpot.

"A beautiful young bride entered a
corner grocery one morning and said:

Have you got any jackpots, Mr.
Sands?

No, ma'am, Sands answered, and he
hid a smile behind his hand. I've got
teapots and coffee pots, but jackpots
I don't keep in stock.

Oh, dear! said the bride. A frown
wrinkled her smooth and beautiful
brow. I'm sorry! You see, Mr. Sands,
my husband's mother used to cook for
him, and nearly every night he talks
in his sleep about jackpot. So I

thought I'd get one, for, since he mentioned it so often, he must be used to it. Could you tell me Mr. Sands, what they cook in jackpots?

"Illinois legislators, ma'am, was the quick answer.

Ballad of the Fly.

Baby bye,
Here's a fly,
By the state he's doomed to die.
Since he brings
Germlike things
On his legs and wings
Countless millions of the same
Have their lodgings on his frame.
His offense
Is immense,
Hang his impudence.

See him pass
Bold as brass,
With a buzz that's full of "sass,"
'Sz—'sz—'sizz!
There he is
On the grub, gee whiz!
See him with infected feet
Walking on the bread and meat;
Then the whim
Sieves him
In the milk to swim.

Baby bye,
Shun the fly,
Pure food sharps will tell you why.
'Tis no joke,
They will soak
Fly-protecting folk.
Therefore, get your little ax,
Slay the "musca" in his tracks.
Don't delay!
Haste to slay!
Little fly, good day, good day.

—Pittsburg Chronicle Dispatch.

"The Fool Seeketh To Pick A Fly
From The Mule's Off Hind Leg, But
The Wise Man Letteth Out The Job
To The Lowest Bidder."—Uncle Josh.

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the
fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The Beef Trust laughed to see the
rise,

And the citizen dined on a prune.

—New York American.

There was an old maid of Altoona
Who married a piano tunar;
She rode on a car
And caught the catarrh,
And now she is taking Peruna.

Many Had Come Between Them.

Patsy. "Are you related to Barney
O'Brien?"

Thomas. "Very distantly. I was

me mother's first child—Barney was
th' sivinteenth."

—Chicago Daily Socialist.

REUNION OF LAW CLASS OF 1907.

Speaking of reunions, while the various classes from '80 down to date were getting together and enjoying the home-coming at Valpo, there was a reunion there of one class which, lacking in numbers, was most enthusiastic and successful in many ways. In the early summer of 1907 some 55 students of old Valpo, equipped with an LL. B. for each member, scattered themselves throughout this fair land with high hopes and throbbing hearts. Many of these embryo lawyers have kept in communication with each other and during the past year have endeavored to get an expression from the members of the class as to the possibility of holding a reunion at Valpo sometime during the summer of 1910. However nothing was accomplished to that end but word reached some of the class that there would be a reunion of the alumni during the week of August 15th.

Three members of that law class appeared at that reunion, namely, Martin Spangler, of Albion, Indiana, L. M. Bane, of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, and Robt. F. Coll, of Muskogee, Oklahoma. On Wednesday, August 17th, 1910, these members met and organized with Mr. Spangler as President, Mr. Bane as Secretary and Mr. Coll as the Board of Directors. It was noted that many of the members of the Class had become benedicts since the dispersion and that, from best reports, all were achieving more or less success in the business and professional world. It was also noted that Miss Harvey, our only lady member, had formed a life partnership with George A. Meekason LL. B. '08, and was located in Napoleon, Ohio. Late news informed the class that Virginia Victoria Meekason arrived at the home of the above named firm on the 5th of August to bless and cheer them while on this journey here below.

The congratulations and best wishes of the class were extended to the recipients of the blessings as mentioned and duly made of record. Resolutions were also adopted in which a new Law Building was suggested to the faculty and were favorably received by that body. This indicated no lack of appreciation on the part of the class for the old building, the memory of which will always be dear to all old Valpo lawyers, but was but a manifestation of the interest of the

class in the noticeable improvement all along the line at the University. But the best work done was in the recovery of the long lost class picture which is now in the possession of Grand Pa Kinsey and we have his promise that it will be taken care of and hung in the new law building. The next reunion of the class will be left to the membership as to date with hopes that there will be a large and magnificent attendance.

LAW NOTES '10.

Herman Lempke and John C. McNeil are temporarily in San Francisco, Cal. Address General Delivery.

Geo. Compton, of the Law firm of Compton & Broo, Kokomo, Ind., visited in Valpo last Saturday. While here he received a telegram from Broo stating that Broo's brother was one of the number killed in the Tipton, Ind., interurban street car wreck.

The law firm of Forsyth & Lawrence, of Hobart, Ind., has been dissolved. Lawrence is working at present at Lowenstines' store. Forsyth is in Chicago.

Phelan and McLaughlin spent the summer at the University of Michigan law school. We are indebted to McLaughlin for a letter describing Ann Arbor. We had it reproduced but on account of space in our last issue it was crowded out. We regret this very much.

James L. Curran has entered the University of Pittsburg to study law. He graduated from Elocution and Scientific Depts. in August. His address is 206 Shaller St., Mt. Washington Sta., Pittsburgh.

F. W. Remick is in Toulon, Ill. He completed the Professional course here in August.

Erney, Ellis, Grossman and Otwell have entered the law school at Yale.

D. J. Redding is at 327 Park Place, Juniata Sta., Altoona, Pa.

Myrten W. Davis writes to have the Herald sent to Tustin, Mich., R. F. D. No. 2.

E. S. Lincoln has opened a law office in Marion, Indiana. His address is 3822 S. Harmon St.

A. L. Lapez is attending Dixon College, Dixon, Ill.

C. S. Bavis writes from New York City. His address is 5 East 8th St.

GENERAL ALUMNI.

Claude D. Jones, B. S., '06, A. B. '07, Pd. B. '07, is still head of the Science Department, Phoenix, Ariz., High School. He was married

to Effie Cox, Professional '07 and they are the proud parents of a year old daughter, Eleanor.

ALUMNI.

O. C. Huher, Junior in the C. C. M. S., Chicago, writes to have the Herald sent to him at No. 1919 Ogden Ave.

John F. Miller, law graduate, Valparaiso, is Mayor of Seattle, Wash.

C. C. Sherrod, Law '09, writes from Knoxville, Tenn., where he has been the past two months. His address is Millington, Tenn.

Edna Vane, Phon. '10, is doing stenography work for the Western Electric work Co., Chicago. Address 4112 W. 20th St.

Winona Beaseker, Art '08, was recently married to Otto B. Durand. They will make their home in St. Louis.

F. J. McNally is now at Farmington, Minn. His former address was Ft. Ripley, Minn.

R. W. Williams, Jr., LL. B. '98, is a law clerk in the office of the Solicitor of the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C.

A. C. Genglebach, student '10, writes to have the Herald sent to Tell City, Ind.

Stacy Brown, a former student here is in the Prohibition work. His address is R. 35, Sebewa, Mich.

C. C. Travis, '85, visited in Valpo recently. Mr. Travis is President of the Advance Machine Co., Chicago. He states that he has been very successful, clearing \$100,000 in three years.

A. E. McGovney, LL. B. '08, writes to change his address to 1555 18th St., Cleveland O.

Minnie Craig, Com. '09, is in Denver, Colo. She sent the Herald some Denver papers showing election returns. Miss Craig is very much interested in Woman's Suffrage in that state.

W. F. Hardin is at Fort Benton, Mont.

Clarence B. Neal, Com. '09, has returned to Valpo and will complete the Scientific and Classic courses. He has been teaching in North Dakota the past seventeen months. He informs us that Charles Ouradnik is principal of schools at Douglas, N. D.; Wm. Pike is principal of schools at Argie, N. D., and that F. J. Steffeck will be teaching near his claim in McKenzie County. Mail will reach Steffeck at Berg, N. D.

J. L. Hutcheson, student '10, writes to have the Herald sent to him at Eros, Jackson Parish, Louisiana.

Elmore Perry, B. S. '10 and Mrs. Elmore Perry, Art '10, will teach in

Davidson, Okla., this year. Mr. Perry is superintendent of a five room school and Mrs. Perry will teach the Primary Dept.

Don M. Roach, Com. '10, of Waterville, Ohio, was in Valpo Monday before the opening of school. Don is in business with his father contracting for the Ryan Stone Co.

Harry S. Brown, of Burlington, Ind., and Alice E. Cole, both students, were married here this summer.

Hilding A. Swanson, A. B. '09, is in his Junior year in Law at Yale. His address is 80 Yale Sta., New Haven, Conn.

Raphael M. Merdoz, Ph. G. '07, writes from Lares, P. R., enclosing a clipping concerning the Pharmacy exams in Porto Rico. They are, general inorganic chemistry, natural history, quantitative and qualitative inorganic analysis, therapeutics, Materia Medica, general organic chemistry, practical pharmacy, U. S. Pharmacopeia and a practical test in making up prescriptions.

John Jononsek, Ph. G. '05, was married recently and spent a few days with his bride in Valpo. He owns a Pharmacy at Montgomery, Minn.

Blanche E. Perry writes from Peotone, Ill., that she is canvassing for a clothing firm.

Mrs. Taylor Bennett, who has been under a physician's care for some time, is some improved. She is at 1104 12th Ave., Moline, Ill.

Prof. Barts, a graduate of Valpo University, who has been teaching at Hobart, spent the summer here. He will teach in Jasper, Ind., this year.

Corson Rebstock and Miss Nellie Courtright, Valpo alumni, were married here in August.

Ada Heavenier Irving, B. S. '01, was married last fall to a railroad engineer. They are residing in Tacoma, Wash.

V. W. Langley, M. T. '09, will teach Manual Training again this year in the Houston Schools. His address is 9 Stanley St., Houston, Texas.

Miss Alice Harmon, Scientific '10, is teaching at Emmett, Idaho.

Miss Flossie Cadwell, Scientific '10, is teaching in South Dakota this year.

Robert Pfanstiel, Scientific, is teaching at Waynesville, Ill.

Miss Cora De Marcus, Scientific '10, is teaching at Baker City, Oregon.

L. W. Wilson, who has been with the hospital corps, Kalamazoo, Mich., is a Sophomore Medic here this year.

L. J. Skobalt, Sophomore Medic, is assisting Prof. DeWitt in laboratory work this year.

Luther A. Pfluger, B. S., a former

professor of German in this school, and W. D. Sloan, Scientific, are traveling in Europe. They will enter the university at Freeburg in Baden, Germany, this fall.

Archie Asher, Sophomore Medic, is with the Cook County Hospital Corps this year.

Victor Krouse, commercial '10, has a position with a life insurance company located at No. 1453 Augden Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Grover McLaren, Classic '08, is teaching in Great Falls, Mont.

Donald Cruzon, Elocution '10, is editor for the Hammond Times, Hammond, Ind.

Mrs. Elaine Duncan Cruzon, Elocution '10, has a position with the Glacier Lyceum Bureau, as platform reader.

Russel S. Haines, Scientific '10, is teaching at Alva, Florida.

Miss Grace Cushing, Music '08, has charge of the music and drawing in the public schools of Lakota, N. D.

Charlie Morrison, professional, '10, is located at Ipswich, S. D. Mr. Morrison is the principal of the public schools at that place. Frank Jones, professional '10, is his assistant.

R. J. Carver, M. T. '10, is teaching manual training at Voroaqqe, Wis.

F. J. Gottwald has the manual training department in the Duluth Normal, Duluth, Minn.

Wm. A. Nacr is teaching at Niagara Falls, New York.

J. B. Smeltzer is teaching at Iswich, S. D.

Mr. Walker, Ph. G. '10, is located in the drug business in Indianapolis.

ALUMNI ADDRESSES.

Dr. C. M. McCauley B. S. '99, is at Merkel, Tex.

Evaline Gaw '09, is at Fort Totten, N. D.

J. P. Sahns may be reached by addressing him at Jeffersonville, Ind.

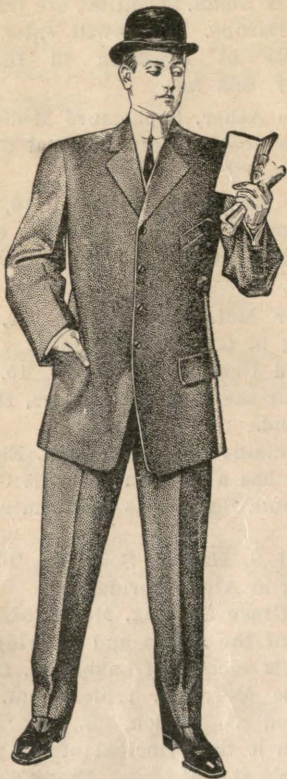
R. W. Moore is now at Concord, Ky.

The enrollment in the Music Department is very large this term. More students have arranged to stay for the full year than ever before.

Professor Weaver, the new head of the Vocal Department, was formerly Director of Baldwin University Conservatory of Music. He comes with splendid reputation for his work in teaching as well as soloist and organist.

University Chorus was organized Friday evening and Prof. Weaver was delighted with the large attendance of about 200, and full number of voices for all parts. The Chorus will meet

The Straight Road



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If service and quality, right values and true economy is your idea, you'll find this store a good place to buy.

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J. M. MOSER,

Opposite
COMMERCIAL HALL



Miss Jessie Stiles now studying in Europe.
See news item on next page.



How the Majority of the Students Could Lengthen Their Hours of Study.

No doubt the greater per cent of the students have some trouble studying by artificial light. Some are able to struggle through and put in fairly good hours. Others after a few minutes have to lay aside their work or suffer eye strain.

This class of students should certainly consult us whether wearing glasses or not. We may be able to add to your work many times the price of a pair of glasses, at least we are able to tell you what should be done.

We devote our whole time to the optical work. Our examination of the eye is thorough and accurate. No drops used to keep you from your work.

We duplicate exactly any lens no matter who made or prescribed it; save the pieces we do the rest. We guarantee to do what we tell you can be done.

ORRIS BOOTH, Optometrist.

N. E. Corner Court House Square, Upstairs.

regularly Thursday evenings at 7:15 p. m. All students in the Music Department are members of the Chorus and must attend all rehearsals. Any student in school may join the Chorus as well as the Chapel Choir which meets at 8:00 a. m. Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Prof. Wolf organized the University Orchestra with a fuller instrumentation than ever before. The Orchestra plays in Chapel every Wednesday morning.

Mr. Austin organized the Band Friday evening. The Mandolin Club will be organized very soon.

Prof. Chaffee, Director of the Music Department expects a bigger and more successful year than ever.

STUDYING ABROAD.

Among the graduates of Valparaiso University who are now studying abroad is Miss Jessie May Stiles of Valparaiso, Indiana. She is continuing her studies on the piano at the Royal Conservatorium of Music at Leipzig, Germany, under the celebrated Professor R. Teichmuller.

Miss Stiles left Valparaiso for New York August 15th via Niagara Falls, Canada, Buffalo, Albany and the Hudson River, where she sailed for Europe on the steamship Cincinnati August 20th, arriving at Plymouth, England, and Cherbourg, France, August 28th, and at Hamburg, Germany, August 30.

The reports of her travels are most interesting and show courteous treatment by all and especially a most pleasant time. Very little rough weather was experienced while crossing the Atlantic. The journey from Hamburg to Leipzig was comfortable and pleasing. She describes the City of Leipzig as being a most beautiful and interesting city with its people whose customs and mode of dress are so different than here in the United States. She is well pleased with her residence and environments. Professor Teichmuller requires eight hours practice per day besides attending concerts by artists, so that one must work there as well as here in Valpo.

That Miss Stiles will make good is beyond question as she now holds more diplomas from Valparaiso University than any other of the fair sex. She is a diploma and gold medal graduate from the Musical Department, holds diplomas from the Commercial, Stenography and Typewriting Departments, and in addition holds the degree of LL. B. and has been admitted to the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana, and the District Court of the United States.

To the Student Trade!

We offer to you the largest and most up-to-date line of beautifully trimmed hats in the city.

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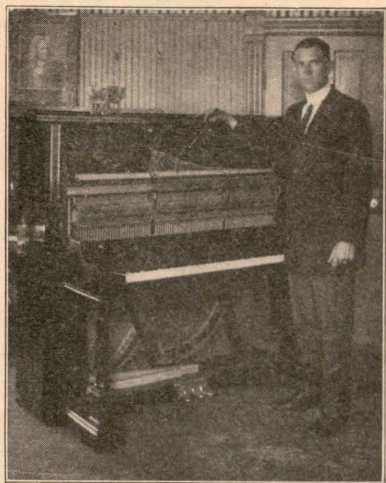
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is the leading school of tuning in this country west of **BOSTON**. **WHY?** Because this is the only school where enough time is given to learn tuning correctly. We cannot supply the demand made on us for tuners. A good tuner can make from \$25.00 to \$50.00 per week.

We will give \$5.00 to anyone who is the means of sending us a student, if said student is not already a member of the University.

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P. A. Gant,

Principal

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When you are planning a little spread for Saturday evenings drop in and get your supplies. We carry a complete stock.

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469 College Ave.

W. B. WILLIAMS

2 Squares North College Office.

Georgie McLendon, Elocution '10, is located at the Y. M. C. A. at Chicago, where he will stay for a short time, after which he will tour as a light opera singer until February when he expects to go to Germany with Alfred Burgen. Georgie will pursue his studies in music.

Prof. Weaver the new head of the Music department is a man of rare ability. His performance on the pipe organ was an execution which delighted all. We are expecting many rare treats, both vocal and instrumental this year.

The Student's tailor shop changed hands recently. Chas. Vezel and Wilson New selling their interests to Lochrer, an experienced clothing man, of Chicago. Charlie and Wilson will devote their entire time to studies in the University.

My pictures are in about every room on the Hill. You can see more of them at the studio, and I would be mighty glad to have you. Reading, No. 17 E. Main St., Uptown.

A BOUQUET.

Mr. Editor:—Enclosed find some cash. Connect me for a while with Old Valpo and the greatest University in the land. Its enthusiasm alone is worth two years training in any other institution. And ye Editor has certainly imbibed a goodly part of the spirit for the cartoons of the Herald suggest more than what the entire journals of other schools contain in print.

J. R. Higgins,
Manhattan, Ill.

A Grasshopper Has

More Action Than a Bee

but the bee does the business. If you don't believe it, watch him. And there are human grasshoppers and human bees.

The human grasshopper is content to frisk about—touch-and-go-fashion.

The bee has a purpose and subordinates all available means to its fulfillment. It is after honey.

It knows what it wants and strikes out for it.

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There are no drones here.

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Watches, Jewelry and Optical Repairing done.

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Quick Service Lunch Room
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Dinners and Students' Banquets
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VALPARAISO, - - - INDIANA

The VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY HERALD
353 College Avenue, Valparaiso, Indiana

Published Every Other Friday

\$1.00 per year. Six months, 60 cents. Three
months, 35 cents. Ten cents per copy.

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the Saturday night before the
week of publication

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Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

Taylor Bennett . . .	Editor and Publisher
W. H. Borgert . . .	Business Manager
Jas. E. Sellers . . .	Advertising Manager
Merritt D. Metz . . .	Circulation Manager

With this issue The Herald begins
its fifth year. W. H. Borgert, business
manager last year will retain his place
and will be in direct control of all bus-
iness affairs connected with the Her-
ald. James E. Sellers will have charge
of the advertising, while Merritt D.
Metz will look after the circulation.

We would like to tell you some of
our plans for a greater and better
Herald; but we prefer rather to live
up to the old maxim: "Boast not
of a thing until it is done, nor then
either, for it speaks for itself."

13 isn't a Jonah. Have been here 13
years. Going to be here 13 more and
then some. Want to talk pictures with
you, it's my job. Reading, Photo, No.
17 E. Main St.

Walter Shalliol M. T. '10, drove into
Valpo in his auto recently. He will
not be in school this year on account
of exceedingly heavy work at home.
He is foreman and chief lineman of
his father's telephone exchange.

Norman Green and W. B. Houck
pulled off their second fistic encounter
just before school closed. At the termi-
nation of the fight Green was black;
but at the termination of the law suit
that followed Houck was blue. Nuf
said.

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Learn this most practical and profitable lettering
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Offers some very attractive bargains to students in
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And then some. But that is the title of a book written by a U. of M. man who knows. It is a complete authoritative guide giving practical business methods for self-supporting college students. Solves your educational problem by showing you practical, honorable, dignified methods for self-help. Contains names and addresses of business houses who will employ you to represent their interests in Valparaiso and vicinity. This alone is worth more than the cost of the book. A limited edition for Valparaiso University. Order today. Sent postpaid for \$1.00.

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The Editor's Page

T - I - M - E

Old Joshua snailed along all day, thrashing the Philistines inch at a time. Sundown found him sixty minutes short. He sent a wireless to the General in Chief: "Stop the wheels of the Universe! I can't lick these heathen without an hour more of sun."

Today, a Dewey conquers a nation in the morning dawn and calmly breakfasts before Old Sol gets out of bed.

The importance of time varies with the *Epoch, Locality,* and *Individual.*

Methuselah had time to burn. Yet the only thing he accomplished was *staying qualities*. Methuselah was a "sticker." He just "hung around waiting for something to turn up." After 969 years of waiting he decided there was nothing "doin'" and died to save paying poll tax. But who would be a Methuselah?

Alexander conquered the world at 35. At that age Methuselah wasn't weaned.

The Egyptian plows with a crooked stick drawn by a woman and a cow,—a quarter of an acre a day with two prayers to Allah and satisfaction is guaranteed. But who wants to be an Egyptian plowman?

The Dakotan with his steam-plow turns a quarter of an acre before the Egyptian has his team curried.

The goose sets 30 days, (*Time don't count with a goose.*) But who wants to be a goose? The Oriole hatches her brood in a fortnight and her offspring are charming the world with song before the Gosling has learned "dō."

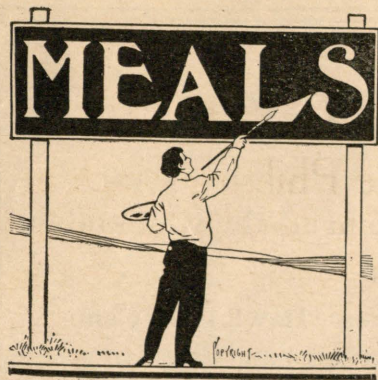
There is a time for everything.

There is a time to DANCE, but NOT NOW. It's too expensive. The Fiddler must be paid. There is a time to play, BUT—THIS is the TIME to STUDY—time to get an education. But oh, the waste! the loss!! the sacrifice!!! Alas, the TIME that is squandered!

If Earth's Billion Five Hundred Million could be put on the job they could build the Panama Canal in 20 minutes. Many a college man wastes more than 20 minutes a day driving coffin nails.

TIME is the *telling factor* in today's battle. *Don't squander it.* Time the Peacemaker is also the Tale-teller.

Time - **I**s - **M**easured - **E**ternity.



We Reach

out and take in, and diagnose each individual appetite. Peculiar likes, appropriate to your own palate, is what this every day restaurant caters to. Take it all in all for steady eating, here is where you'll always be satisfied. Chef and food warranted or money refunded. Eat here, be happy, live long.

The French Cafe
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Phone 941.

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¶Physicians declare that popcorn and peanuts contain a large quantity of nutritious matter, and I am the man to supply your wants.

¶I have a complete outfit that enables me to offer to the student body a nice, clean bag of corn or a sack of peanuts in a minute's notice, and you yourself can see every operation in the making up of same.

¶I have an up-to-date peanut and popcorn wagon built expressly for the business and filling the requirements of the Food and Drugs Act of our state. This power plant cost \$1300 and is the only one of its kind on College Hill

¶Come and try a sack of peanuts or corn and if same is not satisfactory I will cheerfully refund your money.

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 or O. P. KINSEY, Vice-President.

CALENDAR: Winter Term will open December 13, 1910; Spring Term will open March 7, 1911; Summer Term will open May 30, 1911; Mid-Summer Term will open June 27, 1911.

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